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THE HON. CHARLES JEROME BONAPARTE,
Orator of the Day.

A Ballade of Parting.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

Morituri salutamus te.

LINES without number have poets writ
 For love and war or lady fair;
 Sooth many a gallant of pleasing wit
 Hath turned a rime to his mistress' hair.
 Let these their laurels with all grace wear,
 But sure as falcon a-hawking flew,
 A nobler message these poor lines bear,
 Bidding a fond farewell to you.

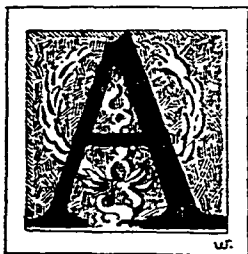
The days that now are all but gone,
 The friends from whom we soon must part,
 Past glories whose lustre so brilliant shone,
 The ties that are twined about my heart,
 Are treasures precious as Jamshid's ring,
 Which he conjured out of the heaven's blue;
 Oh for its magic! a blessing to bring
 On this our fond farewell to you.

Honors and joys may be our lot;
 Defeat and despair we shall surely meet,
 But Fate's hard blows shall be ever forgot
 And disappointment's sting we'll cheat
 When years into years gone by retreat,
 If long-past glories we know anew,
 Recalling the moments that quickly fleet
 As now we say farewell to you.

Fellows, I cry you *Auf wiedersehn!*
 And may our hearts be aye as true
 As when on a June day's golden wane
 I said a fond farewell to you.

The Origin and Development of Verse.

ERNEST E. HAMMER, '04.



ACCORDING to the best authorities a poet is one who is especially gifted with imagination, the power of rhythmical and metrical composition and the creative power, or the ability to construct artistically. From the time of the first great poet down to the present day, all peoples have considered the creative faculty the chief quality of a poet. The object of poetry is to communicate to the soul elevating pleasure, and the ordinary garb of poetry varying from the simple lyric to the stately epic, is verse. The sublimeness of poetry must be felt within each man's heart rather than arrived at through its expression in words. More poetic pleasure can be gained by contact with the wonders of nature—the huge mountains, the awful chasms, the noble

forests, the enticing waterfalls, the vast ocean, and, most of all, by the love of husband and wife, mother for babe, man for his Creator and God for His creatures—than by reading the best works of the greatest poets.

At the birth of vocabulary, words suggestive of persons, animals, things and actions being most important, were pronounced with greater force than the other words, which were used merely as connectives, and therefore hurried over in pronunciation. In consequence of this, men quite naturally began to put stress on words on account of their importance or value in a sentence. But what was true of the words in a sentence, gradually became true of the syllables in a word. To determine the gender, number and meaning of a word, and its relations to other words, syllables were added or taken away, and these were either accented or unaccented, long or short. These literary strides could never amount to anything better than a more perfect prose, unless some means were found of arranging the principal and connecting words of a sentence in such a way that an accented syllable should be followed by an unaccented one, or *vice versa*, thereby making the whole language flow smoothly and harmoniously.

By observation we are led to the conclusion that the verse of any language differs from its prose chiefly in the recurrence of certain syllables which bear a peculiar relation to one another, either as accented or unaccented, long or short. The pleasure springing from this regular rising and falling of emphasis is universally felt, and can be traced back to the sense of time generally found in every man. Thus comes the rapture we are conscious of in beholding the steady step of soldiers, or the uniform dip and stroke of oarsmen. The time of music, irrespective of harmony, can be measured and kept therefore by the simple beat of foot on floor.

When man had so far advanced in music as to note such a thing as time between his footsteps, and felt a pleasure in expressing thoughts in such a way that stress fell upon important words to the regular beat of time, verse, *i. e.*, a measured or metrical line, was a natural consequence. As far back into the history of man as we are able to investigate, we find him ever expressing his sublimest emotions by music and verse. Now, from what we know through the most ancient of records there was neither music nor verse before the Flood; but though it is probable they

originated at some time between the Flood and Moses we are unable to determine just when they were introduced into language.

In the Bible we find men at a very early period using wind and string instruments, and inflecting their voices to the strains of music and requirements of metre. We have it from Josephus that the "songs of Moses" were written in hexameter and the psalms of David in various forms of verse, chief among them being trimeter and pentameter. Some there are who try to prove that so many characteristics of metre in Greek and Latin resemble the Hebrew form of expressing poetry that the former must be a development of the latter. Most writers regard this as impossible; for the simple reasons that we have no knowledge of the existence of verse before the confusion of tongues, and for many centuries after Babel the language of each race was wholly unintelligible to all foreigners. These differences, however, are of very little importance; still of the two, the latter opinion seems the more probable, for can we not explain metrical resemblance by the fact that in the beginning all poetry had to spring from nature, and consequently rise to perfection in the same way.

The first great poet of whom we have any account was that noblest of epic writers, Homer. He wrote in hexameter verse, so called because it consisted of six dactylic or spondaic feet or an interchange of both. This measure could be made slow and solemn or fast to represent the march of soldiers or running of horses, by the use and position of the different feet, limited but by two rules which say that the last foot of every line must be either a spondee or trochee, and the fifth foot a dactyl. Thus, as far as we know, hexameter is the oldest form of versification. Next comes that strange combination of a hexameter and a pentameter line, known as the elegiac couplet, introduced by Callinus in 690 B. C., about 200 years after Homer. Not long after the appearance of the couplet anapestic and iambic metre (especially adapted for satire, and later used for tragedy) were invented, the former by Tyrtaeus (685-668 B. C.), the latter by Archilochus (670 B. C.). We have here the roots of which our poetry is but the outgrowth.

Chaucer is generally recognized as the inventor of English heroic metre. But was it, after all, so very hard to construct the framework of English poetry when the plans

had been drawn and the foundations were long before laid by the Greeks? As pentameter iambic was first in time of English poetry, so it is first in strength and first in importance; for Shakspeare's dramas, Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," the best works of Dryden, Pope, Tennyson, and the other great poets, are all written in this measure. All the various kinds of feet of modern poetry were essentially taken from the Greeks. All modern forms of versification are but the outgrowth of the poetry of Hellenic writers, and most of the English stanzas and short poems are taken entirely from foreign languages, especially the French and Italian.

In the course of poetic development, the only peculiarity of versification that we can justly lay claim to as original is alliteration and yet, long before the appearance of Celtic and Gothic "Annomination," it was used by the Jews (as the Bible testifies), and probably by the Greeks in so subtle a manner that we can hardly uncover it. Certain it is that the Latin, which exercised such a great influence on the formation of our language, used it extensively. In a glance over the pages of Horace we see innumerable examples, as

Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo,
Tuque testudo, resonare septem, etc.

Since it is very probable that the Celtic peoples knew nothing of Latin, Greek, or Hebrew until long after they had begun using alliteration as an ornament to their own language, we take this invention as the basis or foundation on which rest all our claims to English poetic originality. That it was a national form of expression and was well liked by the people is proved by the fact that it was excessively in vogue up to the time of Shakspeare, when the good sense of the Elizabethan writers relegated it to the rightful position it now enjoys.

In Palestine at a very early period lines or stanzas were begun with the same letter. After a short time a transformation set in by which this letter was moved from the beginning to the end of the line. This is the little we know about the origin of rhyme. The Greeks and Romans despised it, while the Eastern poets used and were greatly charmed by it. The Anglo-Saxon knew nothing of its existence before the twelfth century, for it was not until then that it was first used by Layamon in his translation of Wace's "Le

Brut d'Angleterre." Since the original was also written in rhyme, we are led to suppose that this form of versification arose out of imitation of the French. It is a peculiar fact that as soon as rhyme gained a foothold on our literature, alliteration began to decline. There seems to be no reason for this except that whenever a new style comes in, the old takes on a certain rustic air, at first degenerates to the use of boorish people, and finally becomes banished forever from public sight. As with alliteration so with rhyme, for in the early part of the sixteenth century blank verse, a feeble little weakling, entered the poetic arena under the guidance of Surrey, to battle for supremacy against the strength of the iambic couplet. In less than a century and a half Shakspeare had written his dramas, Milton his epics, and the new style contained more strength, more grace of rhythm, than any other species of English verse.

The formation of the language of each country—its accumulation of vocabulary, its grouping of syllables, its arrangement of words—has made its great poets. There had to be a Homer just at the time that Homer lived, for the development of the Grecian tongue demanded that some one unify its dialects, and Homer was the result. The Latin had its Virgil, and perhaps it was a mistake of nature that Cicero was not a poet. The various corruptions of Latin and Greek were strongly welded into one language by Dante, and certainly no one will deny that Shakspeare and Milton had much to do with organizing the present day English. We must look, therefore, to those people who are just rising and whose language is not yet completely formed for our future Shaksperes. And, if at last all languages begin to get so mixed together that they will commingle to make one great mother tongue, we may hope without presumption that future ages will produce a poet who must out-rival Homer.

Memories.

As the pale rays of the moon
Arose o'er the hill,
The faint murmuring of the wind
Brought to my mind
A picture of the dim long ago:
A girl with a gold-crowned head,
And my heart was filled with woe
For to her I had been unkind—
But peace! all is still: she is dead.

JOHN FOX, '08.

In the Forest.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '08.

A VEIL of darkness hangs before our view,
A solemn quiet sleeps o'er hill and grove!
No sound disturbs the stillness of this scene;
The breezes sleep and leaves have ceased to move:
'Tis midnight in the forest.

A sword of sunlight pierces darkness' veil!
The warbling of the birds on breezes borne,
From under willow o'er the sparkling stream,
Tells us that the light of day is born;
'Tis daybreak in the forest.

Leaves From a Note-Book.

TELFORD PAULLIN, '07.

The annual boat races which take place in July upon the Thames River have become in England almost a national event. The course lies a few miles beyond Bolton Lock, opposite the quaint little village of Henley which dozes serenely on year in and year out, only awakening with a sort of drowsy gallantry at the coming of the regatta.

At Henley the river is broad, with high green-swarded banks; here occur the races. Early in the day the big, comfortable house boats drift up and take their positions along the banks spreading their awnings against the sun. Soon craft of every size and variety are sprinkled over the course until the river seems smothered with the vari-colored frocks and parasols of women and the striped flannels and "blazers" of men, and stretches between its green banks like a garland of blossoms. Everyone calls to everyone else, or laughs with them or collides with them.

There are tanned subalterns on leave from India with a white strip above their eyebrows where their helmet came, who have not yet become quite reinstated in civilization, and seem to be continually laughing out of sheer delight. There are punt-parties of laughing girls and Eton-jacketed boys chaperoned by charming pink and white old ladies who retire discreetly behind a book or parasol. Then there are undergraduates and old graduates from Cambridge and Oxford, Londoners, country gentlemen, pallid clerks and red-bloused soldiers. Finally a whistle blows for the first event and the boats press still closer together and toward the banks and leave a

narrow silver ribbon of water in the middle for the racers.

The races are of various kinds, the program being more in the way of a water-carnival than of a formal race. The boat races range from the canoe to the "shell." These are followed by swimming contests in every fashion imaginable, at which the Cockney element becomes wildly enthusiastic.

When all the events have been finished, the spectators again become animated. There is copious tea-drinking everywhere; Henley becomes suffused with gayety, and tea-drinking coteries at tiny wicker-tables dot the green river banks. On top of the house-boats are groups of men and women clustered around dainty china-covered tables, sheltered by immense Japanese sunshades and silken awnings, grotesquely figured. All of them look deliciously cool.

Towards evening the crowd thins, rowing off down the river and up, each party dropping out at its respective boat-landing, be it the public one of a village or the private one on an estate, until only the big white house boats are left glowing like phantoms in the dusk. Tiffin is served, cigars lighted. There comes from the boats the sound of laughter and music and mingling voices. One regatta day at Henley is over.

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Books may become to man, if he treat them kindly, dearer than his horse and as faithful as his dog. If he be a bachelor they may even creditably make up for the lack of a wife. But books, like all things dear, must be treated with affection and consideration. If you slight your book by repeated interruptions and diversions it may be some time before you will be able to readjust the old relations of amity. On the other hand, there are books that object to being taken assiduously, the same as there are high-spirited, free-living fellows who fidget at dining with a death's-head. With these you must chuckle and quip on occasion to keep the spirit of the thing. But if you persevere and regulate your manners with any degree of decency, books will come the other half-way and be more generous towards your little short-comings of temper than ever was friend of your own kind. And as you grow to know them better they will take on little characteristics and properties. Some will be blowzy, rustic fellows, smelling strongly of cattle nad horses and the barn. With them you

feel the vigor of hard labor, and satisfy great crude hungers and quench deep thirsts at the close of day. Others will be graceful courtiers, majestic scholars, and a poet where beauty rustles at the turning of a page. What below Heaven hath a more real and complete happiness than to take up a favorite book when the body is just enough fagged to leave the mind clear and the imagination active, when the soil is no more than off your hands, the pungent loam-scent still in your nostrils and the muscles relaxed; to see the old familiar book-people come and go and hear them talk in the way you love. There is a choice of books on such occasions as this. A nice discrimination is as necessary for picking the proper flavor of a book at the proper time as it is in regulating the amount of caper-sauce needed for a spring lambkin.

Many have a taste for reading out of doors, but I believe your true lover of books will not often deal in such a pastime. The fancy is whilom and light in the wind and sun, and forever wandering from the page to watch the light and shadow creep or run across a field, or a bird eyeing one curiously with tilted head.

Indoors is the best, and, I verily believe, that rainy days were designed for nothing more happily than books.

The outsides of books and their textures sometimes make vast differences. There are those which seem best clothed in calf and vellum. Then those there are grown mellow and dog-eared; so much read and carried about that they have become almost part of oneself; to have a familiar place in one's affections earned by long association.

Now a pamphlet or magazine appears to one as looking particularly well dressed in brown paper. It lends to them a refined dignity, as it were, which they would otherwise want from the lack of a more solid binding.

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Brown paper, by the way, has always had peculiar attractions for one anyway. In the first place you will remember Jack and Jill used it to mend the former's broken crown. Again I used to buy penny-squares of it full of ice-cream from a heavenly individual with a trundle cart and a heathen accent. How welcome on the first hot afternoons of the city was the tinkle of his little bell and his long-drawn cries! The unfortunates who may have haplessly squandered their pennies otherwise now had time for bitter repentance.

There was nothing for you then but to stand now on one foot and then on the other, nursing your feverish appetite for those tiny pyramids of "hocus-pocus," I believe it was called. If there chanced to be a philanthropist in the crowd you were indeed lucky because he might pay your fee, or at least share a brown paper with you.

Of course my attachment for brown paper may be extraordinary, but that there was at least one other who had the same affection is apparent in the significant fact that Mr. Whistler chose brown paper for all of his exquisite chalk drawings. That he did so wittingly with his shrewd artist's eye upon its excellencies as a medium, there is not a doubt. Slate or olive would have had as much sobriety; would have shown chalks as distinctly as brown. Where did they lack? They had not that warmth given by the brown tint, given by the furrowed soil. By their super-severity they offended the taste as much as too much brilliancy would have.

But brown paper is endeared to us by its many delightful associations. It has always that happy faculty of appearing in the company of those things nearest the heart. Even the butcher wraps it around the plump body of our Sunday fowl. Whistler makes of it a twilight room where a lady sits in a ruffled gown. And finally our favorite book, like its writer, covers its treasures with a simple exterior.

* *

At the mention of Germantown most people are reminded of a disastrous foggy morning when General Washington lost a battle that was so near a victory; but aside from its meagre share in history, Germantown has a sort of inscrutable charm in its very state of quiescence since then. There, every day seems as peaceful as an Arcadian Sabbath. So profound is the unruffled composure that one might say the old place is wrapped in a continual after-dinner nap beneath the shade of its own horse-chestnuts. The most of the old mansions are of red brick with wide-spreading verandas. They are nearly hidden with shrubbery and lilacs, and in the warm summer days they seem to doze with half-shut blinds like comfortable old tabby-cats. Only on market-day does this venerable town stir with a sort of drowsy antiquated gallantry at the passing of its good housewives on their way to the square—a broad, cobblestoned area faced on its four sides by markets;

markets which expand and suffuse their contents of sweet-corn, cauliflower, and endless varieties of other such garden truck in a sort of helpless profusion all over the sidewalk and even onto the cobblestones; fine, generous markets, untainted by the lamentable spirit of violent progress; markets where the patron might interrupt his purchasing to discuss gravely with the proprietor the ponderous workings of the local municipality, his only necessity that at the end of the long summer afternoon he should bring home the asparagus in time for the evening meal.

All the people seem elderly but never growing old. I know not if there are lovers there but if there are they must seem as though stepped from the pages of an old tale with lavender-scented clothes made in the extreme fashions of other times. Pale, beautiful women in flowered brocades, and tall gentlemen with their ruffs and stocks of black satin.

Yes, in the old days of Whig and Tory, there were doubtless many wild doings of love and honor, and such trifles as my lady's fan or my lord's roses, and whisperings over teacups in the gloaming; even, alas, the whickering of small swords at certain hours and places before sun-up.

I remember, although very small at the time, of being taken there, I believe for my health, and living with a silver-haired old couple, brother and sister, who had lived all their lives together without stirring from the house in which they were born except for one ever-memorable trip to P—which they made together.

Simple old souls they were, but, to a degree, hallowed by the beauty of that lifelong affection which had been quite sufficient for them.

Violets.

DANIEL MCNICOL, '08.

VIOLETS, violets, violets,
With their nodding bonnets of blue!

Violets, violets, violets,

I have gathered a handful for you
Down by the old mill stream

Where the grumbling wheel turns round,
I have plucked these few from thousands
That dreamed in the dew, pearl-crowned.

Violets, violets, violets!

If near heaven's gate they grew
I would brave the wrath of the flaming sword
To pluck them for you, for you.

Varsity Verse.

TRUE MANHOOD.

(Horace, Odes III., 2.)

LET Roman youth devoid of fear
Endure and learn cadet routine
Attack the Parthians with his spear
And love to be in battle-scene.

The warring tyrant's tender wife
And virgin-child of nubile years,
Beholding him amidst the strife
May seek to save him by their tears.

In vain let these lament and sigh
To save the prince, unskilled as knight,
From giving tyrants proud defy
To challenge him in bloody fight.

'Tis sweet to die for fatherland;
Swift death will follow him that flees,
Regarding not weak youths that stand
Nor coward back nor trembling knees.

No base defeat does Virtue know,
But shines with uncorrupted glee;
For be its portion joy or woe
It always keeps its dignity.

Eternal life will be the crown
Bestowed on those that truly love
To spurn the crowd and earth's renown,
Desiring but the joys above.

A bridled tongue is safe from fear;
The one that dares to speak to men
Those secrets Ceres held most dear
Can't sail nor dwell with me again.

Our Jove above incensed at crime
Oft shows both good and bad his hate:
Revenge for sin will come some time,
Although he often sends it late.

W. C. O'B.

TO WASHINGTON.

Let Princeton and Trenton their laurels entwine
With roses that bloom by the fair Brandywine,
Let Valley Forge tell of its cold, biting air
And the sword and the man that were masterful there;
Not once did he falter, not once did he shrink,
Though often he stood on disaster's dread brink
With God-given courage he fought till he won,
And fame sheathes the sword of our own Washington.

J. P.

A PASTORAL.

Beside the dusty road a shady nook
Of peace and quiet, tempts the passers-by
To pause and from the shell, used as a cup,
Drink of the spring, there bubbling up.

The couch of nature's softest grasses made,
Bids us our weary limbs relax;
Then 'mid the curtains of the willow trees,
To slumber, sung to sleep by summer's breeze.

T. A. L.

Our Great American Novelist.

JOHN M. QUINLAN, '04.

Few who read sketches or stories by William Dean Howells think of the obstacles he had to surmount before success crowned his literary efforts. For thirty-five long years his attempts were attended with trials of a most discouraging nature; and, had he not been gifted with extraordinary perseverance and with a genial disposition he would never have won the goal he so much coveted. To enumerate all the difficulties which confronted him is impossible in a brief sketch; so we shall content ourselves with a few of the most noticeable ones.

The first of the Howells to come to the United States was William Dean Howells, paternal grandfather of our American author. A Welsh Quaker by birth, he was brought up in the Methodist religion. His son, William Cooper, who was a man of no mean literary merit, married a lady whom he met in Paris. She, like her husband, was not wealthy, but depended principally on her success as a writer. They began their married life at Martin's Ferry, Belmont County, Ohio. It was here that William Dean Howells was born on March 1, 1837.

Shortly after the birth of his son, William Cooper Howells moved to Hamilton, Ohio, where having purchased the *Weekly Intelligencer*, he changed it into a daily paper and continued his occupation as a printer. From this paper the family received a scanty living and they were unable to lay aside any money. The chief means offered the youth to acquire knowledge was through the books in his father's small library. These, which were mostly poetical works, he took great delight in reading. Their influence on him may be readily seen from the fact that before he had reached his tenth year he frequently made attempts to put some verses together, which, if he found them satisfactory, he took to his father's office.

The family remained at Hamilton for nine years. The father of the future author was then seized with a desire to seek success elsewhere. So they journeyed to Dayton where Mr. Howells edited and printed the *Daily Transcript* for two years. It is said that his son, William, rose each morning before sunrise to distribute the paper; but in spite

of these determined efforts, the paper was a failure as a business project. Accordingly, the family moved once more, this time to Green County, Ohio. Here they were forced to live in a log house for a year.

These few facts will give the reader but a vague idea of the discouraging situation in which William Dean Howells was placed during his early youth. He had learned the printing business in his father's office; and, as he had an inclination to write, he decided to follow this trade. After many years of practice he became assistant-editor of the *Ohio State Journal*.

A newspaper-correspondent and an editor, Mr. Howells began his really literary career by composing various poems, which he contributed chiefly to the *Atlantic Monthly*. The first of his poems to appear in book-form are to be found in a small volume entitled "The Poems of Two Friends." John Piatt was the poet that shared with Howells the fame which these little gems won. But the book was financially a failure; and at the present time copies are so rare that it is said Mr. Howells himself does not possess one. It is not at all strange that a man that was destined to attain such a world-wide reputation should meet with such difficulties in the beginning. For indeed many authors, such as Stevenson and Tennyson, whose work has lived, had to cope with similar obstacles. A few have won a lasting reputation on the publication of their first attempts; but it seems that we may rightly conclude that he who will have his writings read by posterity must apply himself diligently and perseveringly to his vocation.

William Dean Howells achieved his first great success when he published "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," a man whom he admired more than any person save Longfellow. This work dealt especially with the presidential campaign of that spirited American statesman. The success of that biographical work aided Mr. Howells financially; and with the proceeds he received through its publication he was enabled to take that journey which he had for a long time eagerly desired to make, since he first read "Hiawatha," namely, to Boston; for it was there that Longfellow, whom he almost adored, and the other great American writers of the time, were living.

In his thirty-fourth year Mr. Howells began fiction; and the success with which his efforts met was such that he determined to adopt

writing as a profession. The name of his first novel is "Their Wedding Journey." In this, as in the rest of his novels which followed, the critics found a new sort of fiction to deal with. The idealistic had been discarded, and it was replaced by the realistic. The heroine found no place in his novels; for he wished to deal with the real woman, who was whimsical, inconsequent and capricious. He sought that which occurred often as well as that which was typical. He seeks to paint life as it really is. He firmly believes that his idea of fiction is the correct one, as we may discern from the following quotation from one of his essays: "The art of fiction has, in fact, become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens or Thackeray. We would not suffer the confidential attitude of the latter now, nor the mannerism of the former, any more than we could endure the prolixity of Richardson or the coarseness of Fielding." William Dean Howells' method of treating a story may be summed up in the following remark by H. J. Boyesen: "His types are drawn directly from reality. All romantic traditions are discarded, and the story moves on not only with the strictest regard for probability, but with the inevitableness of life itself. Nothing appears accidental; but the action is so intimately dependent upon and evolved from the character, that the events, however trifling they may be, seem to follow each other with a logical sequence which admits no questioning."

The time may come when the reading public will prefer the realistic novel; or, as some have termed it, treatise, to the fascinating idealistic story; but such a time is not yet here. To-day people read the novel for its dramatic action, its thrilling and unusual incidents, its surprising plot, and its uncommon characters. They seek a rest from their every-day life, from the squalor and baseness of the street, from the quarrelsome wife, and from the inebriate husband. They see too much of this, and consequently they long for new fields of action, new environments and strange faces. And why should they not desire something which would turn their minds from worldly care? Again, the moral question arises, does he better man by laying bare human vices and deficiencies. Undoubtedly no; but it seems to have the opposite effect, for man was not placed on earth to pry into evil, but rather his duty is to seek after what is sublime and ennobling.

The realism of Howells has caused much contention among critics, and very many of them have warred against his deviation from the idealistic; but he has not, and in all probability will not, be changed from his course.

Others are opposed only to the insertion of trifling events; and it is generally granted even by most favorable critics that, in spite of his brilliant sentences and his captivating humour, his work is somewhat marred by the over-elaboration of details. His heroes and heroines, if they may be called such, "though pictured with photographic conscientiousness, lack sharpness of outline and individuality; a fault, to continue the simile, possibly due to an over-exposure of the plate."

Mr. Howells is now making preparation for writing a book on the intellectual development of the New England settlers. In answer to an English journalist he recently said: "There is no such thing as a great American novel, and there never will be. As a people we are absolutely decentralized. Our people could never fuse into anything that could be called a composite American type." This statement is in all probability true for the idealistic as well as for the realistic novelist.

It is generally conceded that Mr. Howells has already done sufficient literary work to win a lasting reputation. His novels, though they are now very popular, will hardly add much to his glory, which will rest especially on his magnificent descriptions of Venetian life, on his critical work, and lastly on his memoirs of "Literary Friends and Acquaintances," a book which has won much well-deserved praise from the public.

A Soul Reclaimed.

CLOTHED in light, O spirit fair,
Rejoice with saints above;
Virtues thou hadst beyond compare,
Thy heart welled o'er with love.

God was thy King, His will was thine,
And so shall it ever be;
He called thee soon, and we here pine
To share in His love with thee.

The love untold of thy tender soul
Was like to God's on high;
It softened our path to the final goal,
And soothed many a sigh.

We long for a glance from thy loving eyes,
For a smile through the gates above,
Thou art bound to us now by closer ties,
Immersed in thy Saviour's love.

JOHN M. QUINLAN, '04.

A Pilgrim and a Dream.

WILLIAM K. GARDINER, '04.

The car stopped and much to the disgust of the passengers, Stilton, a typical hobo, entered. It could not be said of him that he "walked abroad upon a laboring day without the sign of his profession." His shock of hair peeped out through a battered hat, his beard was unkempt and bedraggled and his complexion had the peculiar tinge that bespoke a long and intimate acquaintance with bar-room potions. Misfit clothes sadly torn and old, covered his rotund figure, and when with the utmost nonchalance he attempted to cross his legs a bare toe showed through the smaller of his shoes.

The lady near whom he sat gingerly caught up her dress lest Stilton might as much as touch the hem of her garment. But he was not the least embarrassed. To make his appearance more provokingly incongruous he took out of a slit in his coat a solitary cigarette and held it at the conventional angle between his fingers. A look of supreme disdain greeted his fellow-passengers and the conductor.

He alighted when "Duane" was called and hobbled off in the direction of Park Row. The sun was hot, oppressively so, and an empty wagon shaded by a posteresque fence suggested a few hours' repose. Carefully covering his feet with an old sack to prevent being fanned too violently by a policeman, he turned his face from the noise and was soon asleep.

Stilton's condition induced a dream which might well delight the heart of any man, much less a hobo. He was in the land of plenty, with an obsequious waiter at his elbow serving seasoned dishes. Again, he saw himself dressed in the pink of fashion, walking up to his own brown-stone mansion with a beautiful and kindly wife waiting to receive him. He could almost feel her caress and scent the roses at the gate. The scene again changed; and, blessed be Allah! he was in club-land with a bottle of the choicest rye on his table. In his eagerness he reached out to grasp the joy of his soul and—tumbled heavily to the ground. When he got to his feet he was face to face with illustrated advertisements of a certain sauce, of "homes" for sale in Brooklyn, and of an irrepressible brand of "—, That's all." "Well I'm damned," he said, as his portly sides shook with laughing, and he resumed his journey Boweryward.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

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—The preacher of the baccalaureate sermon, to be given to-morrow in the Church of the Sacred Heart, is the Reverend J. J. Burke, A. B. '83, A. M. '86. Father Burke, the zealous pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Bloomington, Illinois, is said to be one of the most capable speakers in the middle West. At the commencement exercises we shall have the privilege of listening to the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, Lætare Medallist, of Baltimore, Maryland. Mr. Bonaparte's standing and accomplishments are so well known that it is unnecessary to refer to them here. We can give assurance that both the sermon and the address will be worthy of the men and of the occasion.

—Last Sunday the Very Reverend Father Morrissey delivered the baccalaureate address in Fowler Hall before the students of Purdue University. In commenting on it, the *Lafayette Journal* says, "a more able and eloquent talk has never been heard at Purdue. The gifted orator took for his subject 'Views of Education,' and his handling of the subject

was a delight to the large audience." The pleasure our Purdue friends experienced is shared by us. The courtesy done us by Purdue in inviting our President and the great kindness which he acknowledges to have received from faculty and students during his visit have given particular satisfaction to all at Notre Dame. Before his return Father Morrissey attended the installation of President Van Hise of Wisconsin University.

—The feast of Corpus Christi was observed with fitting ceremony. Solemn High Mass, attended by all the students, was celebrated Thursday morning, but the public procession was postponed until Monday evening. Repositories for the Blessed Sacrament were placed at the entrances of Sorin, Science Hall, and the Main Building, and these were decorated with natural flowers and brilliantly lighted. At half-past seven the procession, consisting of students, acolytes, novices, servers and clergy, left the church and proceeded toward Sorin Hall. Hymns were sung along the way, and when Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given at Sorin, Science Hall and the Main Building the long lines filed into the church to receive the final Benediction. The devotions appropriately ended with the singing of the *Te Deum* in which a thousand voices joined.

—The advisability of sending a boy to college engages the attention of parents especially during the summer months. So many arguments have been adduced for and against that one can scarcely hope to add anything new. Some enthusiasts think they have gained the day when they point to men who have achieved financial success and yet never attended college. How do they know that their success would not have been more assured by a college training? On the other side are those who attribute whatever success a graduate has won to the fact that he had a college education. These remember what the college gave, but they overlook what the student inherently had. Both view-points are faulty. The great question is: does the college help most in developing a boy morally, mentally and physically? If it does, and we think it does, what matter that the college graduate is not the most successful in the race for dollars. He gets higher enjoyment out of life than the man whose sole aim is not to

miss a chance. He is amply compensated in the pleasure afforded him by a book, a picture, or a song. He is rich in things of the spirit. Nevertheless, the utility of a college education will continue to be debated.

—An accustomed work may be somewhat unpleasant and yet its final performance will excite regret. This is our experience as we edit for the last time a regular issue of this paper and say farewell to our readers. During the years we have spent at Notre Dame our relations with professors and students have been cordial. We are bound to them by many ties which make loth our parting. In particular is this true of the members of this year's class, of this year's staff. An acquaintance with them, in many instances extending over years, has ripened into a true friendship, and such a friendship is, we believe, not the least fragrant of the rose leaves that God wafts among men. This golden sympathy, conditions at Notre Dame are singularly fitted to knit and strengthen. We dine together, study together, and, though holding different religious beliefs, often assemble together to worship the one God. No wonder, therefore, that we have much in common, that the joy which graduation brings is mingled with the sadness of the separation that is sure to follow. But knowing the lives we have lived, the ideals we cherish, we go with a sense of gladness inspired by our full confidence in one another. The largess of life and of the years is ours. We did not enter the world empty-handed, but with briefs for truth, and

these Notre Dame has ably taught us to argue. Come fair or foul, let us put the lesson into practice; let us be loyal to our trust, faithful to principles rather than to men, and careful that we do not confound both. Wherever we go the humblest of us can accomplish much. The example we set, far more than the position we hold, influences those about us for good or for evil. With our theory of life and the equipment Notre Dame has given us, we are obliged to strive for the welfare of Church and State, to encourage the less fortunate, above all, to inspire them with an infinite hope. If we do this the recollection of our days at Notre Dame will be sweetened, and though we may not meet here again we can confidently hope that when freed from the tyranny of time we shall return like homing bees to the bosom of God.

P.

—The report of the notable ceremony that took place in St. Louis at the formal presentation of the Lætare medal reached us so late that we could insert only a part of Mr. Kerens' response in last week's issue. We now publish it in full: I am deeply affected by the word of President Morrissey, and can but feebly

express my feelings, mindful as I am of the lofty principles embodied in the presentation of this medal, which represents so much.

I am also aware that this honor carries implied responsibilities to uphold the rules of worthiness laid down by your grand University. My heartfelt thanks and sincere appreciation for the honor. Your great institution of learning from its origin went on pre-eminently in its illustrious career as one of the beacon lights for education, moral



THE REV. JOHN J. BURKE, A. B. '83, A. M. '86.

culture, and the highest civilizing influences; sending forth year by year her sons well prepared for their chosen vocations to join the great army in life's struggles. Refined and cultured, many have become distinguished in their professions by the training and knowledge imparted by the University.

The forethought and wisdom creating the "Lætare Medal" years ago, crystallized sublime ideals, inviting all to strive for this annual prize by the example and practice of the ennobling virtues of a Catholic layman's life.

The qualifications necessary in those upon whom this honor is conferred inspire hope and courage, and are guiding stars to the higher life; so that it may be said when the final summons comes—"They have performed their part well."

I do not claim to possess these merits, though I love and admire the standard which the medal is intended to reward. My life has been one of activity; experience and observation my school, and although feeling that I fall short of deserving the recognition the University so generously accords to me, I am deeply grateful for the honor. My hope and aim will ever be to uphold the standards prescribed for the recipients of the "Lætare Medal."

What better can be said of examples in life than to quote expressions of a famous leader in the time of the American Revolution, a statesman, and patriot—Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland,—who at the end of a long and brilliant life, said: "I have lived to my 96th year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity and most of the good things which the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause—but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself is that I have practised the duties of my religion."

Here is an example of a long and illustrious career speaking volumes to succeeding generations; a great and good man, himself a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a pillar of both Church and State in the commonwealth of Maryland—a state whose constitution was the first to declare absolute freedom of worship.

It is proper to say that courage and honor go hand in hand; that patriotism and honesty of purpose are linked together; and that heroism and religion's best thought are

unreservedly united. In the world's history Christian education has been the most potent for good in every epoch. By its influence nations are civilized.

Examples and conditions of nationalities are to be seen here at the Universal Exposition. Representatives of many races and the effects of education are apparent. Our country has stepped to the very forefront in the great work of uplifting nine millions of people in the far-off Islands of the Seas, sending our American bishops for their spiritual welfare and our accomplished instructors to instil the principles of our citizenship and knowledge of American institutions. The energy, determination and resources of this great Republic, now to be reckoned with as a world power, will foster and protect the Philippines.

We are proud of our country's achievements. We love the flag as the emblem of our Christian nation, in whose unparalleled growth and prosperity at every stage, including the Revolutionary War, to the present day, we feel proud to say—and history so records—Catholics have had a large part.

We read with admiration the history of the University of Notre Dame, founded by the saintly Father Sorin and the loyal band of Fathers and Brothers who accompanied him on his mission to the New World. With what inspired zeal did they set forth, separating themselves from the land of their birth and the ties of kindred, enduring hardships of journey by land and by sea,—pioneers to establish a seat of learning in the then sparsely settled regions of the Mississippi Valley. This magnificent institution, destined to be a factor, far-reaching and beneficial in all that goes to make up advancement, education, patriotism and the light of religion, has in the highest degree realized the hopes of its founders.

It is well known that during the dark days of the Civil War the Community of Notre Dame stood for the integrity of the government; and when hostile armies were contending, sent forth ministering chaplains and white-garbed nuns to the battlefields to care for the wounded and console the dying.

As the possessor of the token bestowed upon me, it shall be my purpose to strive during the remaining years of my life to practise the lofty virtues and seek inspiration in the noble ideals which this insignia typifies.

With my thanks and my gratitude, I will have pride in wearing this symbol.

Athletic News.

The baseball season of '04 closed last Tuesday with the Beloit game. All in all, it was a very successful season. Games were lost, it is true, but none without a valiant effort on the part of our fellows to land victory. We easily retained the State Championship, defeating all our Indiana rivals with apparent ease. Among the Western colleges, we take rank below Illinois. Huff's men again won the coveted title "Champions of the West," but the two games between them and the Varsity showed clearly we were in their class. Beloit must also be figured in the running, but they lost games to other teams which lowered their standing. Of this year's squad we lose, by graduation, Capt. Stephan, catcher Antoine, left-fielder Kanaley. The rest of the players will probably return, so we may look for a winning team next season. Lack of space prevents us making any remarks about the Varsity men in this number. Their complete record, with the fielding and batting averages, will appear in the Mid-Summer issue.

The feature of the baseball trip through Indiana was "Shag's" hitting. At Indiana, Salmon's sensational catch of a seemingly safe drive and his lightning throw to first, completing a double and shutting off a couple of scores, brought the I. U. rooters to their feet. It was the cleverest play seen on that field in years. Geoghegan and McNerny also covered themselves with glory by their clever fielding. All the Indiana college papers speak well of the "State Champs," and report the attendance at the game as being the largest they ever had.

* *

BELOIT BLANKS THE "CHAMPS."

A fairly good crowd turned out last Tuesday to see the game with Beloit, expecting a battle royal, and in this they were not disappointed. The visitors won, but the victory was not as clean-cut as one would wish to see. We had several opportunities to score, and should have scored, but confusion in signals and careless coaching, also listless base running, threw these chances away, and lost us the game. Ruehlbach pitched. If ever the "Big Fellow" deserved to win it was last Tuesday. From the moment the game began until the last Notre Dame man had been retired, he

worked, and worked hard. With bewildering frequency he mowed down Hollister's charges, until at the final count it was found that sixteen men had swung their bats in vain. This equals the record made by the much-lauded Wisconsin wonder, "Cy" Young. Three scratch hits and two clean ones were found off "Nig's" delivery, but they were well scattered.

Morey also did some pitching stunts, allowing our men but four safe bingles. Our fellows were unfortunate in placing their hits, several long, slashing drives being captured by the outfielders. The lone run scored during the game came in the third inning. Kruger singled, and Johnson got a scratch drive over short. Bunker fanned, and Slater also "punched" wind. Then with two strikes on Morehouse and two out, Kruger and Johnson attempted a double steal, and Antoine threw the ball over O'Connor's head, Kruger scoring. This was the only time the visitors proved dangerous.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Shaughnessy, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
O'Neill, 2b	0	2	0	0	0
Stephan, 1b	0	0	7	0	0
Salmon, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Ruehlbach, p.	0	0	2	0	1
Antoine, c.	0	1	15	3	1
O'Connor, 3b	0	0	0	0	0
Kanaley, l. f.	9	0	0	0	0
Geoghegan, s. s.	0	0	1	0	1
Farabaugh, c.	0	0	0	0	0

Totals—0 4 27 3 3

Beloit	R	H	P	A	E
Slater, 1b	0	0	9	0	0
Morehouse, c. f.	0	0	3	1	0
Morey, p.	0	1	2	2	0
Mills, 2b	0	1	1	3	0
Vogelsberg, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Kruger, s. s.	0	1	1	3	1
Johnson, c.	0	2	10	0	0
Bunker, 3b	0	0	1	1	0
Krankhill, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0

Totals—I 5 27 10 1

I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 0 R H E

Notre Dame—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0 4 3

Beloit—0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0=1 5 1

Stolen bases—Shaughnessy, O'Neill, Antoine, Morey, Geoghegan, Johnson. Base on balls—Off Morey, 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Ruehlbach, 2. Passed ball—Antoine. Umpire, Schaeffer.

* *

The Varsity scored a clean record on the Indiana trip, mowing down her rivals for the state championship in easy style. Ruehlbach pitched the Indiana game and only allowed

three hits, while Boyle was batted all over the field. Our fellows won hands down, and would have shut the "Hoosiers" out but for E. Boyle's scratch hit with two men on bases.

Score—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R H E
Notre Dame—2 0 0 0 0 0 2 1 0=5 12 2

Indiana—0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=2 3 1

Batteries, N. D.—Ruehlbach and Antoine; Indiana—J. Boyle and McIntosh.

Other results—Purdue, 4; Notre Dame, 13. Alderman pitched.

DePauw, 5; Notre Dame, 12. Alderman pitched.

Ruehlbach, the star-box artist of the Varsity, was elected Captain for next season by his team-mates, immediately after the Beloit game. The selection is a very popular one both with the players and students; and as "Nig" is master of all the finer points of the game, we look forward with great hopes to next season. Dan O'Connor, the clever third baseman, was chosen alternate.

Bro. Vital's team of Carroll Hall has a record for the past season that eclipses any of the other teams around—nine straight victories. Heyle, the "Iron-man" pitcher, was the mainstay of the team. The line-up was, Kuhn, catcher; Heyle, p.; Weiss, s.s.; Carraher and Daly, 1st; O'Donnell, 2d; Rousseau, 3d; Shannon, l.f.; O'Connor and Berteling, r.f.; Butler, c.f. Following is the record:

May 1—B. V., 7; Holy Cross, 6.

" 4 " 18; Carroll 3d, 2.

" 8 " 7; B. F's, 3.

" 15 " 14; B. F's, 5.

" 20 " 15; Carroll 3d, 3.

" 21 " 12; Carroll 3d, 0.

" 22 " 11; South Bend, 7.

June 2 " 12; Chopin Park, 1.

" 5 " 10; Carroll, 7.

The baseball team and the track team had their pictures taken at McDonald's during the past week. They will appear in the Mid-Summer Number.

For the third consecutive season Brownson won the Inter-Hall Championship, winning that title from Sorin last Saturday afternoon by a score of 4-2. The game was very fast and exciting, and abounded in good plays on both sides. Brownson scored three runs in the first and one in the third, while Sorin

was blanked up to the seventh inning, when Rayneri's hit over McDonald's head scored two men. Both McKeown and Hammer pitched good ball. Kinney's fast double was the feature of the game.

I 2 3 4 5 6 7 R H E
Brownson—3 0 1 0 0 0 0=4 2 2

Sorin—0 0 0 0 0 0 2=2 2 2

Batteries—Brownson, McKeown and Medley; Sorin, Hammer and Sheehan.

ILLINOIS WINS.

The Western Champions took our measure last Saturday on Illinois field in what the Urbana papers characterize as the fastest and cleanest exhibition of the national game seen there in years. The mighty Pfeffer was in rare form, and held our fellows completely at his mercy. Ruehlbach also pitched ball that would have won nine cases out of ten. Lack of space prevents us from giving complete account.

Score—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R H E

Notre Dame—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0 3 0

Illinois—0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0=1 7 1

Batteries, N. D.—Ruehlbach and Antoine; Illinois, Pfeffer and Byers.

Holy Cross forfeited a game to Carroll last Sunday.

Bro. Vital's team defeated the Carroll Hall team last Sunday by a score of ten to seven. The Carroll men were over-confident, and this, coupled with their inability to connect with "Iron-man" Heyle's delivery, lost them the game. Score:

I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R H E

B. V.—0 0 0 2 7 0 0 1 0=10 7 3

Carroll—0 0 1 0 3 3 0 0 0=7 4 5

Batteries, B. V.:—Heyle and Kuhn. C. H.—Brown and McDermont.

The several nines of St. Edward's Hall are busy these days deciding the question of supremacy among themselves. There are eight teams in the contest divided into three divisions, the winners of three out of five games in each division being awarded medals. Unusual interest attaches to this year's contests as the teams are more evenly matched than ever before, and thus far the games have been very close and exciting. In the first division Capt. Cornell's team and Capt. Robert's team have each won one game. Two tie games were played during the series, and at present writing it looks as if an arbitrator

will have to be called in to decide the winner. Capt. Langdon's team won the medals in the second division, after a hard struggle with Capt. McCormick's men. The other two teams of this division, captained by E. Pratt and C. Dunfee, are still fighting it out. Several hard and exciting games were required for Capt. Rempe's men to win the honors in the second division from Capt. Kauffman's team. The deciding game was played last Thursday, the former winning 8-7.

Sunday night after a spread in the banquet Hall, the medals will be awarded to the victors. The winner of the Gold Medal for the best all-around athlete of the Hall, donated by Master L. Symonds of Carroll Hall, will also be announced. J. P. O'REILLY.

A Vacation Paradise.

Already arrangements have been made at San José Park to provide for such students as may wish to spend their vacation near Notre Dame. This delightful summer resort has been purchased by the University to meet the requirements of boys who have not completed their course and whose return home would involve a long voyage or an expensive and tedious journey by rail. San José Park is about sixty miles from Notre Dame and five from Lawton, Mich., one of the stations of the Michigan Central Railroad. It is admirably situated, being removed from the din and temptation of city life, which prove so attractive and often very injurious to students.

Shaded in the heart of a quiet little wood are the buildings, all of which are new and fitted with every convenience conducive to health and comfort. The board consists of an abundance of good, substantial food, well cooked and served. Spacious refectories and dormitories are provided; also sitting rooms, a large-dance hall, a gymnasium and a chapel. One of the priests of Holy Cross acts as chaplain, and Brothers of the Congregation supervise the students' conduct. The grounds slope to the shore of a beautiful lake which affords ample opportunity for fishing; bathing and boating. Those anxious to study may gratify their wish and thus secure higher standing in their classes next September. From every view-point a vacation spent at San José Park must be a pleasurable and profitable experience.

Personals.

—Clement C. Mitchell, Law '02, rode down in his automobile from Chicago on Saturday and left Sunday afternoon. The best wishes of his many friends among the students and Faculty accompany him.

—We congratulate the Rev. Vincent D. Dwyer A. B., 1900, on his recent elevation to the priesthood. He celebrated his first Mass at Indianapolis last Sunday. His many excellent qualities won him many friends here who rejoice at his success.

—E. F. Quigley and O. D. Green, both members of the '03 Law Class, have formed a partnership and opened a law office in the Masonic Temple, Greenfield, Indiana. The success which attended their efforts at Notre Dame will, we hope, be repeated in the practice of their profession.

—Mr. William Davis Furry, '00, has submitted a thesis for the degree of Master of Arts entitled "A Critique of the Theory of the Association of Ideas in the Light of Modern Psychological Developments." During the past two years Mr. Furry has held an instructorship in Latin and Philosophy in Ashland College, Ashland, O.

—In the past week Notre Dame has had the pleasure of a few days' visit from Rev. John A. MacNamara, '97, of Pittsfield, Mass., and Rev. James J. Donovan, Norwood, Mass. Both are on their way East after a prolonged stay in Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico, where they were obliged to go in the interest of their health. We are glad to see them looking so well and hope the improvement will continue. In his undergraduate days, Father MacNamara was a valued contributor to this paper.

—Visitors' Registry:—Mrs. M. W. Wallerstein, Paducah, Ky.; Dr. D. W. Wenstraud, Milwaukee; Dr. C. H. Taylor, George Lohre, South Bend; Lizzie H. Foran, Joseph P. O'Reilly, Zennie Riley, Benton Harbor, Mich.; John J. Hartigan, Troy, N. Y.; S. Dagger, Nipono, Cal.; Mrs. T. F. O'Hara, W. J. O'Hara, San Francisco, Cal.; William Tobin, Madison, South Dakota; Edwin Mann, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Sarah M. O'Neill, Martha Murphy, Mary Barrett, Mrs. Charles Shubert, South Bend; Emma Stanger, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. W. P. Bowers, Charlotte A. Barber, Mrs. Margaret McKay, Mrs. Symonds-Clarke, Chicago; Benjamin C. Sanford, St. Louis; D. V. Reedy, Cincinnati, Ohio; George Walker Clarke, Gulfport, Miss.; Mary P. Brown, Elkhart, Ind.; Fred Cardennas, Saltillo, Mexico; P. C. Dolan, Pittsfield, Mass.; G. B. Gehlert, St. Joseph, Mich.

Local Items.

—The final examination of members of the senior Law class began this morning. We hope no legal lights will be extinguished.

—The artistic decoration seen at the entrance of Science Hall the evening of the procession was largely the work of Clarence J. Kennedy.

—Professor John G. Ewing, head of the department of history and economics at Notre Dame, has just returned from the convention of the national council of the Knights of Columbus held at Louisville, Kentucky. To him was unanimously entrusted the work of revising the ritual, a very high honor, and one most judiciously conferred.

—Examinations of graduates end this evening, and to-morrow, Baccalaureate Sunday, the flag of the '04 class will be hoisted for the first time. Apart from the patriotism which it inspires, we hope it will serve throughout the coming year to remind future students of the high standard they must attain to prove themselves compeers of the men of this year's class.

—In last week's issue we mistakenly referred to Military Instructor Fehan as ex-Sergeant 13th U. S. Infantry. He was not a member of that regiment but of the 9th U. S. Infantry. He served with the latter throughout the Philippine and Chinese campaigns, and at the expiration of his term of enlistment received the highest testimonials for good conduct, efficiency and bravery from his superior officers. The Sorin Cadets are to be congratulated on having such a capable drill-master.

—The pupils of St. Edward's Hall who take an active interest in their department are annually treated to an outing at the St. Joe Farm. Their day came last Wednesday when a large bus-load of those jolly youngsters betook themselves to the promised land of milk and honey. All sights of interest were viewed, especially the large incubators where motherless chickens are introduced to a cruel world. The strawberry patch was particularly attractive. After a day of almost unrestrained liberty and a general good time the little fellows returned to the University loudly sounding the praises of those who had provided for their amusement, and very thankful for the kindness they experienced.

—The gala celebration of the year for the Minims was the feast-day of St. Aloysius, observed last Monday. When day broke it greeted upwards of a hundred little lads jubilantly preparing for the enjoyment that awaited them. After attending Mass and formal exercises in the study-hall they betook themselves to the scene of festivities. Various

games were indulged in until the sun had climbed to the meridian, when "Lou" Wagner, a veteran of St. Edward's Hall, called "Time out," and presently the little men sat down in the grove to a right royal feast which kind hearts and willing hands know so well how to prepare. And it was thoroughly enjoyed. Activity, however, was the law of the day, and soon baseball, target-practice, and all the other sports so productive of real fun and a goodly appetite were on again. The games continued until the shadows began to lengthen, when the lovers of ice-cream, strawberries and other delicacies were once more called to the festive board to partake of an abundance of good things. The guests, including several members of the Senior class who had been kindly invited, declared that the occasion was the most enjoyable of its kind which they had attended. At sunset all returned to the University, happy indeed and truly grateful for the kindness of those who had made the day one that will long be pleasantly remembered.

—Sixtieth Annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame, June 12-16, 1904.

PROGRAMME

SUNDAY, JUNE 12

8:00 A. M. Solemn High Mass
Very Rev. President Morrissey, Celebrant
Baccalaureate Sermon by the Reverend
John J. Burke, A. B., '83, M. A., '86, Bloomington, Ill.

2:00 P. M. Solemn Benediction and *Te Deum*
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13-15
Examinations

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15

8:00 A. M. Closing Examinations
10:00 A. M. Regatta
12:00 M. Dinner
2:30 P. M. Closing Exercises of St. Edward's Hall
6:00 P. M. Supper
6:30 P. M. Band Concert on the Quadrangle

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15—7:30 P. M.
Commencement Exercises in Washington Hall
Operatic Selections.....*Arr. by Theo. M. Tobani*
University Orchestra

BACHELORS' ORATIONS—SOCIALISM

I.—Oration.....Its Economic Fallacy
Mr. Thomas D. Lyons (South Dakota)
Quartette—Abendlied.....*Arr. from F. Ruckert*
Mr. F. J. Wenninger Mr. H. A. Norman
Mr. W. M. Wimberg Mr. S. A. Hosinski
II.—Oration.....Its Political Fancies
Mr. Gallitzin A. Farabaugh (Pennsylvania)

Violin Solo } (a) Berceuse.....*B. Godard*
(b) Hejre Kati.....*Jenö Hubay*
Mr. Louis J. Carey

Mr. Francis F. Dukette, Accompanist
III.—Oration.....Its Ethical Deficiencies
Mr. George J. MacNamara (Kentucky)
Intermezzo—"With Flying Colors"—*Arr. T. R. Hildreth*
University Orchestra

Oration of the day by the Hon. Charles Jerome Bonaparte,
Lætare Medalist '03, Baltimore
THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 8:00 A. M.
Washington Hall.

March—Victory.....*Geibel*
University Orchestra

Home, Sweet Home.....Quartette
Class Poem.....Michael J. Shea (Massachusetts)
Valedictory.....John M. Quinlan (Illinois)
Conferring of Degrees Awarding of Honors